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OUR HOSPITALS, AND THE MEN IN THEM.

IN the following paper, a record of a visit to some of our national army hospitals, I propose to speak : —

1. *Of Charities connected with, and consequent upon, War, which are to be found connected with all Wars of all civilized Nations.*

2. *Of Charities extraordinary and peculiar to our own War.*

3. *Of Men in the Hospital.*

I. Under the first head comes the *Hospital* itself, — the only charity, if it properly can be called such, recognized among civilized nations, toward its soldiers in time of war.

Let me say at once, that I found the hospitals and hospital system almost infinitely better than I had supposed. The stories with which our Northern ears have been so filled had led me to suppose that I should see want, abuse, unnecessary suffering, palpably, on the surface everywhere. I soon came to the conclusion that, throwing out a few extreme cases, the things complained of were incident to the setting in motion of such an immense work, the material for which, as well as the laborers in it, had largely to be extemporized, and must necessarily be, through all its earlier stages, largely a

thing of experiment. It was very evident that a right spirit was at the bottom of things, and a very determined spirit. Incompetent and bad men there had been, incompetent and bad men, no doubt, there still were ; but incompetent and bad men are being rapidly removed, and the best men only put in their place. At the commencement of the war, the head of the medical staff was an utterly incompetent man. In the determination that the right man should be in the place, eighty-two names on the list for promotion were passed, — a thing probably unknown in the annals of any military service, — and a man appointed who seems to be *the* man. So it is all through ; and at this very moment a new board of inspectors, at the suggestion, by the appointment, and under the direction of the Sanitary Commission, composed in part of some of our own more prominent physicians and surgeons, is commencing a six months' tour of survey through all the hospitals, with the hearty approbation and assistance of government. I believe everything will be done that can be done, as soon as it can be done. Even then, however, it will not be possible to prevent the terrible agonies inseparable from war, — perhaps not possible to prevent all delay, or even abuse.

Another thing. The complaints, as a rule, come from those who have least cause for complaint. It is in hospitals just as it is in life. Said the steward of a hospital, — handing me a bill of fare for every day in the week that would be considered luxurious in our homes, and adding, that the surgeon in charge did not restrict himself even to that, but ordered anything a capricious appetite might suggest, if it seemed to him likely to answer its purpose, — “ But there are some men here who will growl, if they have turkey once, because they cannot have it three times every day.” I do not doubt there has been bad management, insufficient and improper food, as well as other things, in the past, while I feel sure that these have been much exaggerated by statements and letters of complaining men, — men whose nature it is to grumble, men

who have never considered what were the limits of possibility under the contingency, as well as by men made unreasonable by suffering and *homesickness*, — that terrible disease which stalks through camp and hospital, which medicine, surgery, or diet cannot reach, but which takes the manhood, almost the honor, out of its victim.

The *hospitals* are either buildings, stores, churches, taken for the purpose, barracks originally intended for troops, or buildings specially erected as hospitals.

1. Of buildings taken for the purpose, the large warehouses seemed to me the best, especially where a large well, opening from floor to skylight, secured a constant circulation of air, without any reference to windows. They can never, however, be made convenient or economical in time and labor, and must be most difficult to warm.

2. Next to these come hotels and ordinary houses. However admirable these might be for single patients, a glance shows you how imperfectly they answer where many must be put into each room. Thorough ventilation — almost the alpha and omega of hospital comfort and safety — becomes impossible. The admirable arrangements for many kinds of work necessary, and a certain snugness which larger rooms never get, are vitiated by this one imperative and always palpable want. I must say, however, that the marvel grew with me, that, with such disadvantage to contend against, the air was kept as pure as it was.

The United States General Hospital at Baltimore, of which Rev. C. J. Bowen is the excellent and efficient chaplain, occupies all the houses on both sides of the street, for the length of a square. Among these is a hotel, of whose superior arrangements every advantage is taken. By means of an elevator in the entry near the door the badly sick or wounded are lifted at once to the operating-room, or the story or ward desired. The kitchen, the old smoking and reading and dining rooms, are used to advantage for their original purposes. The street is closed at each end, and a guard sta-

tioned, so that no vehicle passes, and quiet is secured. The sidewalks are thus left for the promenading or sitting in the sun of those able to be about, and every form of convalescing sickness or wound will greet you at every threshold. In these various houses are nearly one thousand patients.

I visited this hospital two or three times. There are drawbacks to its being your *beau ideal* of a hospital, yet there was much to admire and commend; and you felt that, while there could not be satisfactory ventilation or arrangement and economy of room, such wants were largely compensated by the appearance of surgeons, matrons, and nurses, and the genial manner and hearty kindliness of the worthy chaplain. The Second Society in Baltimore being for the present abandoned, a large number of its members having chosen the Secession side, Mr. Bowen is now simply chaplain, an office he holds directly from the United States government. His time, his thought, his heart, are given to his work; and as I went from house to house, from ward to ward, from bed to bed, as I watched the effect of his coming and his greeting, as I saw how quietly he moved through a complication of detail, I could not but feel how wisely government had bestowed the office. Here was the terribly wounded Rebel side by side with the as terribly wounded Federal, the one spoken to, treated in all ways kindly as the other, and I will say answering pleasantly, if briefly, and as if conscious of favor received. I entered the operating-room, and looked upon the bed on which my friend said he had seen three men lately die under the knife. I saw life ebbing unconsciously away, while there lay near unread letters with tenderest words from home, never to bless it. I talked with one from whose side had just been carried the body of a companion who had died in the night. Yet with all these things about them, with so much in their own condition and in their future dark and sometimes hopeless, I saw nothing you could justly call depression. I heard only cheery words, and one general expression of gratitude for kind care. Some days

there are three and five burials. One morning Mr. Bowen said to me, "I must leave you a few minutes." And on his return said, "I have just had a service over a poor fellow, with only the undertaker and a black man present. This man was a discharged soldier, so there was no military escort, as is usual. His father had been with him till the day before, but, finding that he must die, had left him, as I suppose, so as to escape the charges of removal and burial. The most touching thing," he added, "in connection with this duty, are the letters of inquiry which come afterward from relatives and friends." An association of ladies, as well as many benevolent gentlemen, are interested in, and laboring for, this hospital, only one of many in the city; and I am satisfied nothing will be left undone that faith, charity, patriotism, can devise, or time and money procure, to alleviate the pangs of those who are brought within its walls. The chaplain's special religious service is on Sunday afternoon. He has an outside audience, the remnant of his now divided parish, as well as the convalescents, in the hotel dining-room, and two excellent Methodist choirs alternate in singing, not only at the service, but in the wards, to the great delight and cheering and benefit of the patients.

3. *The Churches.* A church cannot be made a good hospital. The poorest ventilated hospitals I saw were churches. They are bad enough when kept to their legitimate use. The floors are laid over the pews; they have not the *feel*, the firmness, of a genuine floor, and are noisy from having such a hollow space under them. The beds under the galleries are dark, and near the ceiling; those in the galleries are no better, all the fresh air coming in over their heads, while some of the essential appointments are not to be found in, or extemporized out of, the ordinary church premises. I felt here the painful publicity of the hospital more than elsewhere, while the only genuine advantage to the soldier seemed to be the presence of the organ. "Ah," I said, to the surgeon of the Branch Hospitals, consisting of the Unitarian Church

and another not far off, "I see you keep the organ. I hope you give the poor fellows a tune sometimes." "Yes indeed," was the reply. "They depend on it, and it does them great good." This surgeon, a Philadelphian, was a noble specimen of his class; but it seemed strange to find him in the pulpit where I had once preached, which he had fitted up into an admirable apothecary's shop. May his practice be more blessed than I fear my preaching was!

4. *The Barracks*, being built for a different purpose, and none too admirably for that, fail again in this important matter of air, or rather air in proper times, quantities, and places, and I do not see how they are kept warm in winter. The most imposing of these are the Carver Barracks, originally used as the winter quarters of Fitz-John Porter's division, occupying a huge, desolate square of several acres, from which every vestige of grass has been long since trodden. They are, including some hospital tents, ninety-three in number, and are calculated for two thousand patients. An exceedingly cursory survey did not leave so favorable an impression as many others did, which I attributed in part to the size of the establishment, in part to something in the character of the men, in part to the absence of women; but it was largely owing, I am satisfied, to the inevitable stamp which institutions, as well as men, come to get from their habit and life. This had been a pretty rough affair, — surgeons and nurses, — but was getting into a more satisfactory condition. Since the time of my visit, it has rapidly improved, and now ranks among the best.

5. *Buildings erected for the purpose*. "I am going to show you," said a friend at home in the whole matter, "the best hospital, — the one which is our ideal, up to which we mean to bring all." This best hospital is that in Armory Square, Washington, consisting of eleven pavilions, ranged side by side, and joined in the middle by a covered passage-way, each having sufficient and regulated ventilation from the roof, with separate ventilation for each bed, — while kitchens, dining-

rooms, commissary department, and laundry are grouped in appropriate buildings behind. I do not know how to describe what I saw, and you would be likely to think I have no very just idea of the significance of language were I to undertake to give you my impression on entering the first pavilion. Ranged on each side, separated by no narrow passage-way, at a commodious distance from each other, were beds; each with its clean muslin mosquito-net over it, and white coverlet upon it. Everything was exquisitely neat. Men were reading or conversing, — those out of bed, — the matronly nurse about her duties. Everything was bright and cheerful, and it seemed a very paradise for invalids. The surgeon, Dr. Bliss, of Michigan, has a genius for his work, and, with no other help than the ordinary hospital fund, — a fund available to every hospital surgeon, — by economy, executive tact, and zeal, he has managed to place this hospital at the head; and I am assured that, when any one falls below this standard, it is from a want of such qualities as I have just enumerated as characterizing Dr. Bliss. The Commissary, into whose ample and admirable storerooms we were taken, and regaled with crackers, cheese, and ale, as specimens of what the convalescing had, is likewise just the man for the place. The kitchen and the laundry, in each of which were busy hands, proved that there was no show part to this admirable establishment, but that all the way through system, order, neatness, a kind and hearty spirit, pervaded the place.

I would say here, that I feel quite sure that the assertions often made, to the discouragement of many, that nothing in these hospitals is ever washed, but after once using all things are thrown away, is false. In this admirable laundry were some twenty busy hands, while the piles of clean assorted sheets, shirts, pillow-cases, and bandages refuted the statement, so far as this hospital was concerned. I took particular pains to look into the linen rooms everywhere, and invariably found evidence satisfactory of the fidelity with which this branch of the service is administered. So let me say, in

passing, was it with the stores, and though there have been instances of peculation, as there are in the best-regulated establishments, all the world over, fidelity to trust imposed is, I think, the *law* through all grades of this service. Ought we not to judge by the law?

The hospital in Judiciary Square has the opportunity of being even a better hospital than this. The building is constructed after the most approved French plans, modified by Mr. Olmstead. There was a lack of the neatness, the something *homish*, I had noticed in the other; but the men seemed all comfortable and happy. I saw a young boy of seventeen, walking about the central hall, who had just had a bullet taken out of the back part of his head. He used to insist that there was a bullet, — he knew there was, because when he shook his head *he could feel it rattle*. The doctors were sceptical, but at last consented to examine. The bullet was found, and, if the boy is to be believed, the rattling has ceased.

I give these merely as samples of the hospitals now to be found in or near all our larger cities. I think no unprejudiced person can go through them, who, whatever he might still find wanting, or be able himself to suggest, will not confess his satisfaction with the efforts made by government and its servants to ameliorate the condition of the wounded and sick of our armies.

II. *Of Charities peculiar to our War.*

The New England Rooms, as they are generally called, under the charge of Colonel Howe, originated with a few New England men of New York, then became a State, then a New England, and now a Union institution. You would say at first, that, however thoughtful and needed the charity, a common Broadway store, near Wall Street, would be no place to carry it out. Look into it, and you will soon change your mind. The lower story is still used as a store; the second, third, fourth, and fifth are devoted to the various purposes of the relief. In the fifth is the kitchen, allowing

no odors to trouble the air; the third and fourth are the sleeping-rooms and hospital wards; while the second is for the office and the general assembly-room of the waiting or convalescing soldiers. There are two hundred beds here. Here the sick arriving in steamboats or on cars, by day or night, those too ill to follow their regiments, those discharged or awaiting discharge, are taken in and tenderly cared for, rested, healed, or nursed till death comes. The rooms are quiet, the ventilation perfect by means of an elliptical well running from floor to sky-light, the surgeon kind and a gentleman; volunteer lady nurses cheer and serve the sick, while anything the city can afford is at the beck of the capricious appetite of the convalescent. It is the sick soldier's hotel, and Colonel Howe knows how to keep it. It has been an instrument of untold good, and the blessing of many ready to perish rests on it. There is no flinching before red tape, no hesitation in setting military tardiness and routine at naught, if suffering humanity be in the way, while there is patience and courtesy and help for the meanest soldier, whatever his want. All this, too, as of necessity, under an admirable though simple system. I had promised a poor woman, who had heard of her husband the first time in four months, and who only knew he was in some hospital near New York, having been a prisoner at Richmond, and sick with the scurvy, that I would look him up. I asked at the rooms if they could give me a clew. They turned over book after book, in which the names and all facts concerning their most transient inmates are recorded, and reported my man at a hospital thirty miles below New York, where I afterward found him.

Next to this — approaching Washington I mean, not next in the sense of less, either in interest or usefulness — is the world-known "Cooper's-Shop" at Philadelphia, — a veritable cooper's-shop, in which, within a year, 87,513 hungry and weary soldiers have been fed and refreshed. A friend took me to it about nine o'clock of a drizzly Sunday evening. It

stands quite open to the street, with low-studded, white-washed walls, adorned with various prints and testimonials of grateful officers and soldiers, with tables running along one side, smoking coppers of hot coffee, and a wealth of ham and bread. A thousand men had been fed there since six o'clock, yet every plate and cup was clean, the floor swept, and the large-hearted and large-bodied cooper, with his as large-hearted and equally large-bodied wife, sat waiting for any stray squads who might come in by any of the railways; for, come they singly or by regiments, at any hour of the night or day, they are sure of shelter and food and a welcome. "Ah, you are from Massachusetts," said the latter, as she shook my hand; "we always love to have the New England troops come, they are so well behaved, seem so grateful, and always have something pleasant to say. I can't say so much for some of the New York regiments." They had had a Maine regiment that afternoon, and some nice speaking, with great quiet. The cooper showed us the part of the shop he still retained for his work. "It does the poor boys good to come and sit here and smoke their pipes, and see me work." For you must know the cooper has a hospital as well, upstairs, where his ingenuity shines as brightly as his charity below. There are twenty-eight beds, and the floor has a nice light-colored canvas carpet, bath-rooms, water-closet, a fever ward, and all you could find in a first-class hospital; and you forget that this is but the garret over a cooper's-shop, and the no-arrangement of rooms and bare rafters become fresh charms to the place. "Do you not find the men getting homesick?" I said, as I noticed a number who had been left behind by their regiments. "Yes, at first," was the answer; "but pretty soon they become very unwilling to go." And I could hardly wonder, and felt what a boon it must be to sick and weary soldiers to fall into the keeping of such hosts as these. And all this because the cooper could not bear to see hungry and dirty and weary and sick soldiers go by. Now, the Cooper's-Shop is a corporate institution, receiving

and spending some \$13,000 per year; but the cooper is the presiding genius still.

Not far from here is the Union, — a similar establishment, — larger, more elaborately furnished, which has spent more money and fed more men. Everything was very nice here also, but it did not take hold of my feelings as the other; and when I was told that it was in some sort an opposition, my heart turned all the more warmly toward the cooper.

At Baltimore the same thing again is done. I saw a regiment at breakfast there. The food is good and abundant, the welcome hearty, the charity noble; but the place is not inviting, and my memory turned fondly back to the cooper.

At Washington, growing out of a little effort of one of our ministers, Rev. F. N. Knapp, and through the persistence of the Sanitary Commission, is a large establishment, the Soldiers' Retreat, for the reception and comparative comfort of the thousands who are daily passing into that great army in which a regiment is soon as undistinguishable as a drop is in the ocean. Mr. Knapp told me he had frequently seen men, fresh from home, lying in the damp, low grounds near the depot, through the damp nights, with nothing over them but their blankets. The officers ridiculed — while they themselves revelled at billiards — any attempt to change this, saying it was just as well the men should get broken into their hardships at once. Now there are kitchens, storehouses, a bakery, and dining-halls, where a thousand men can stand and eat, and other halls where a regiment can lie, on the floor it is true, but protected from the outer damp, and made tolerably comfortable while waiting orders or transport. I came upon a regiment just dining there, and I can testify, by my own tasting, to the excellent quality of the rations provided. Near is the Soldiers' Home, where the sick, if any, may go and stay till able to join their regiment, where the sick going home may rest, where the discharged soldier — a being outside the poor charity of government — may go, however diseased or loathsome, be washed, clothed, com-

forted, kept, and sent on his way rejoicing. This consists of several portable houses, with bunks ranged as in barracks, and a nice three-story house used as a hospital, — and a nice hospital too, with a right pleasant Down-East matron. Two hundred can be accommodated here. An ambulance, allowed by government, is always on hand. I think this about the sweetest charity of all, because it is where such charity is most needed, and quietly covers over some gross shortcomings of government.

I had not dreamed of the vastness and the perfectness of organization and detail of that body of which we all have heard so much, and so many have doubted, the Sanitary Commission. As the grain of mustard-seed expands from the smallest among seeds to be the greatest among trees, so has this small thought in one brain expanded into the vastest beneficence for the sheltering of all ills. Time would fail me to speak of it even as I saw it. The simplicity and quiet with which a vast amount of complicated work is done, the patience with which every case is heard, the wisdom with which remedies are applied, the system which stoops to detail and grasps great thoughts and develops vast plans, the firmness with which a desired reform is pushed, the courtesy and the gentlemanly hospitality of those at the head-quarters, all impress you with a sense of the solid worth of the institution, and the real good it does. My friend took me to and through the storehouses. These are a series of large brick government stables, which, being possessed of in part temporarily, the Commission have proceeded to occupy wholly, and to hold, though wanted by government for their original purpose. They are capitally adapted to their wants. Here are immense piles of boxes of assorted goods, all labelled, so that almost in the dark, at an instant's notice, whatever is demanded can be had. Every night a list is made of the numbers of each article remaining in store, and it is curious to compare one day with another, and see the fluctuations of demand and supply, — to see how this great storehouse of

a nation's liberality, which some men think wellnigh bursting with plethora, is sometimes reduced to a barrenness that would be ludicrous (if it were not embarrassing) in one's own domestic arrangements. You cannot make a plethora, and so long as the war lasts this must be the great reservoir, only to be fed by the constant running in of the little dribblets from individuals, neighborhoods, and families.

The Commission has now the confidence of government, which it has fairly earned. It has had a hard fight against the prejudice of military caste; it is thwarted still, but it pushes on, and is not merely making a success, but working a conviction in the minds of men ever immovable except under the imperative logic of facts accomplished. The Surgeon-General, whom it elevated into power, rewards it by a constant respect and increase of its prerogative. A few days before I was in Washington, a prominent army officer, accompanied by a friend of the navy, called at the rooms of the Commission, and said: "I wish, in this presence, to retract my opposition, and take back what I have said. I thought your scheme a humbug, and you a set of impracticable philanthropists; but I am confident that in my command alone you saved five hundred lives." After the battle of Antietam, the Surgeon-General made a request for stores. "How will you send them?" "By our own wagons." The general doubted, sent government supplies by rail, and the Commission wagons came into Frederick forty-eight hours in advance. It is impossible, in face of such facts, to overestimate the value of such a body, or our duty toward it.

I came home satisfied that in no way can so much be done for the wants of the army, as by continuing to supply the Sanitary Commission with such things as they ask. Except in rare cases, all other charity is useless, falls short of its purpose, and is wasted. I do not doubt the sincerity of young mens' societies, Christian commissions, State relief societies, and all such. I do not doubt, as things are, that there is work enough for all, and that the hearty work of

all can remove scarce a tithe of the want and suffering which must increase as we go ; but I do regret the springing up of these separate organizations, distracting people's minds, diverting their charities, and preventing the perfect success of one grand central agency already long in the field, with vast and trained ability and resource, with knowledge and means only acquired by experience. It is scattering where we need concentration. A dozen of these newer agencies, at their best, cannot do what this great power might easily, through united and hearty co-operation. The Commission is national, not sectarian or sectional. Its charity is not suggested, swayed, or limited by State or denominational lines ; and I repeat the words of a wounded officer, who said to me : " You can't say too much of it, or do too much for it. It is only those who have seen it as I have, who really know its work and worth."

III. One word with regard to the men in the hospitals. I saw them in every stage, from the man just drawing his last breath to the man with his discharge or his furlough. I did not hear a complaint. I saw quiet, patient, suffering, perhaps sad faces ; but they were not faces of murmurers or discouraged ; not a word against the war, — no croakers or Copperheads in the hospitals. I heard words of deepest gratitude, of anxiety to get into service again. Some said they would n't have believed they could find such treatment among strangers, and only one poor fellow, with a sort of half-homesick tone, asked if the Massachusetts boys were not to be allowed to go home on furlough. The wounded seemed invariably cheerful. I remember one man showed me the stump of his leg, with all the pride with which a young girl would show a doll. Others spoke of the elegant way in which the wounded limb was healing. A young fellow lay in his bed asleep, about nine o'clock, one evening. The surgeon in charge had been telling us of an operation performed two or three hours before. A percussion ball had been taken from his arm, where it had lain seven weeks, and he helpless in

bed all that time. The bullet was like a Minie, but had been loaded with percussion powder, so that when it struck the bone it exploded, looking much as a kernel of corn when it is popped. Of course that was an ugly wound, and they had waited for the bullet to work itself to the surface. While we were examining the ball, which the surgeon had taken out of his pocket, turning down the clothes and turning up the gas for that purpose, some one asked to what regiment he belonged; and as no one could answer, he half turned, and with a smile said, "I guess I can answer that question." Now that man had been waked needlessly out of his first refreshing sleep for weeks, and afterward told me it was the first time in seven weeks he had been able to turn ever so little toward his wounded side. I give this as an instance of the almost miraculous good-nature and cheerfulness of these poor sufferers. In the Judiciary Hospital was a man who had both eyes shot out. They said he was the life of the place, persisted in going out alone to see Washington, and had learned to play the fiddle, never having touched the instrument before. I don't know what it is that buoys these men, who are to carry through life maimed bodies, who know they must in a degree be hereafter, not helpers of others, but themselves pensioners upon the charities of others. It must be some beneficent compensation of the ever-compensating God.

I heard but a single cross word, and that was when a surgeon, needlessly as I thought, laid bare a peculiar wound he wished me to see. The nurse turned to me, and said that fellow was always cross. Some men said to me, what was quite evident, that they were better off than they could be at home,—did not wish to go home; and many and warm were the words of gratitude I heard. Human nature I found to be largely represented in hospital wards. Some were utterly indifferent, some seemed annoyed by a stranger's entrance, some would just answer your questions, while others made you glad by their hearty acceptance of your sympathy, and many faces looked up from pillows wistfully, as if they wished

it was them you were to speak to. One thing I noted, that the men who had really suffered refused to speak of what they had gone through. The great deficiency in the hospital arrangements seemed to be in the case of the convalescents. The men in bed, sick or wounded, were all well cared for; but the convalescents suffer from two things,—want of proper diet and want of proper occupation. The army ration for the hospital while the man is in bed is well enough, but there has been no just provision for the man getting well. It was intended to remedy this by the establishment of a convalescent camp, in a location of rare beauty, upon a hill, some two miles out of Alexandria. You have all heard enough of that. Thank God, “Camp Misery” is one of the things that were. There were said to be twenty thousand men here at the time I visited it. It seemed to be a sort of pen, into which all who could limp, all deserters and stragglers, were driven promiscuously. It was one of the saddest sights of my life, that long procession of weak and wasted men, intermingled with stalwart cowards and mean deserters, as it wended its way, under guard, from the wharf, out of town, up the hill. Let alone all other things, association with such characters would mar the pleasure, if not retard the recovery, of an honest convalescent.

The convalescent ought specially to be the subject of home thought and care. Something should be done to relieve him from the terrible *ennui* which devours him, which affords the opportunity for evil even while the man would not, and which must inevitably fearfully increase as winter shuts them wholly within doors. I find that the memory of the convalescent is more painful to me than that of the wounded and sick. And one way of helping the convalescent is to supply him with some simple means of employment. Said a fine-looking fellow, as he hung upon his crutch, “Sir, if I can only keep my mind occupied, I can do very well.” It is occupation these men want, and we ought to furnish the means. Our Yankees cannot sit with their hands before them; they

cannot always be writing or reading or talking. Idleness is going to be the same curse in the hospital that it is elsewhere, and I could see the same old busy Devil devising mischief for idle hands. I saw tossing coppers, — e. g. the inevitable beginning of gambling, — not in any gambling spirit, but simply for want of something to do. In my own way, from the beginning, I have done what I could for the leisure hours of the soldier, and have sent nearly six thousand games, — footballs, checkers, gammon, chess, dominoes, cribbage, solitaire, puzzles, beside knives, tools, and jews-harps, to camp and hospital, — and know I have done good so. In one instance, a single checker-board, sent a young parishioner and handed to him just as he went on board a transport, furnished the only relaxation on a crowded ship for days. I think this is worthy every one's thought. I was surprised at passing through hospitals in our cities, to see that this had not attracted the thought of the rich and the wise. Just what the convalescing man is at home, is he in the hospital; just what he needs here, he needs there, only does he want them a thousand times more.

The great injustice of government is toward the discharged soldiers. The government has no bowels of mercy for them. They are turned adrift, with their pay, it is true, but with no claim on the government, to find their way home or to die. I fell in with one poor fellow, — by all right he should have been in his coffin, — journeying alone from Fortress Monroe to the centre of New York. He was of the Ohio 4th, but his father lived in New York. He said to me, "You know, sir, when we boys get into trouble, we always think of our father's house." I stayed by him, and did what I could. He was exquisitely patient, unselfish, and grateful; all his sufferings, he said, were nothing to what our fathers endured. I tried to get him to rest one night at Colonel Howe's, but his answer showed his feeling, — showed what treatment he had had from some officials. "I have got washed and cleaned, and all my soldier things off, and I don't want to go nigh any of

them again." He blessed me at parting, and said, "If I live, I will write to you ; and if I die, I will get some one to do it." Poor fellow ! I fear his brave heart was still before he could tell to whom he wished to write.

In connection with this I must relate an incident that occurred as we landed at New York. I had proposed a variety of plans, by some one of which I trusted that my poor friend would get a good night's rest. To all of them there was on his part some objection ; and finding by inquiry that he could go up the river that night, and reach his father's door before noon of the morrow, he determined to go at once from the boat to the cars. I had intended remaining by him, but I was under a promise to a poor woman, which would take me in an entirely opposite direction ; and finding the remainder of the journey so straight, and so short in time, I concluded to leave him, believing he would find other friends on the road. Calling a policeman on the wharf, I explained to him that I had with me a sick soldier, and was anxious to find an honest hackman to take him to the Hudson Railway. After a moment's thought, he beckoned a man from the crowd ; and I was just stating the case, when the soldier broke in, " Could you carry me to the Hudson Railway for a quarter ? " You who have any knowledge of New York hackmen will know how my heart sunk at those words. " I 'll carry you for nothing," was the quick, hearty reply. " It won't do me any harm, and I shall be the happier man for it." Forgetting all about other fares, he snatched the valise from my hand, took my patient under the arm, tenderly lifted him into the carriage, and drove away, to leave me to learn that even in the breast of a New York hackman there is a genuine humanity, which only needs the right kind of touch to wake it into beauty and life.

I have thus attempted to put before you the results of some little inquiry as to our hospitals and soldiers, and their condition, and wants in them. I sum up thus. The hospitals are not yet perfect, but honest men are trying to make them

so. The Sanitary Commission is worthy your confidence. It furnishes the only sure medium of your charity. It can only live and do as you afford it the means. It is straightened to-day because our charity is divided. There is as much need of our charity and liberality as ever. Let it not be that, because of sectional or sectarian doubts or jealousies, a noble institution, nobly founded, thus far nobly sustained, shall be crippled in its means of usefulness, or add another to the long and dark catalogue of good things sacrificed to the petty or pettish spirit of bigotry or captiousness. Let us work heartily, let us give freely; work and give in faith and hope and unity, that when at last this war is over, and its history comes to be written, brighter than all the valiant deeds that may be blazoned on its pages shall be the chronicle of its charities, linking in one the loyalty of the East and the loyalty of the West, — charities that shall show the world the power of HOME, through her dear love to mitigate, if she cannot prevent, the sufferings of the camp and the hospital!

J. F. W. W.

“THEY who truly fear God have a secret guidance from a higher wisdom than what is barely human, viz. the Spirit of Truth and Godliness, — which doth really, though secretly, prevent and direct them. Any man that sincerely and truly fears Almighty God, and calls and relies upon him for his direction, *has it as really as a son has the counsel and direction of his father*; and though the voice be not audible nor discernible by sense, yet it is as real as if a man heard a voice saying, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’

“Though this secret direction of Almighty God is principally seen in matters relating to the soul, yet it may also be found in the concerns of this life, which a good man that fears God, and begging his direction, will *very often, if not at all times*, find. I can call my own experience to witness, that, *even in the temporal concerns of my whole life*, I have never been disappointed of the best direction, when I have, in humility and sincerity, implored it.”

HEAVENLY LONGINGS.

I.

I SEEK not heaven, if in our change of state
We lose the instincts of the human soul ;
I seek not heaven, if at its opening gate
Oblivion's wave o'er all the past must roll.

I seek not heaven, if there the memory's book
Be torn or blotted from the conscious mind ;
I seek no heaven whose doubt-directed look
Is all the recognition friends will find.

I seek not heaven where smiles to frowns are changed,
And the warm currents of the heart are not ;
I seek not heaven where friends become estranged,
And old familiar faces are forgot.

I seek not heaven where wedded hearts forget
The genial ties that bind them here below ;
I seek not heaven where there may linger yet
A solitary form of human woe.

I seek not heaven, if heaven annuls the form
That gives to woman her attractive grace ;
I seek not heaven where love has lost its charm,
And there a wife eludes my fond embrace.

I seek not heaven, if heaven in fine be such
As human speculations have portrayed ;
I seek not heaven where all things to the touch
Prove but the fleeting shadow of a shade.

II.

I seek a heaven where Nature's perfect forms
Retain the features of their prior birth ;
I seek a heaven where woman's native charms
Lend life enchantment as they do on earth.

I seek a heaven where love's cementing ties
 Forever hold possession of the heart ;
 I seek a heaven where friends will realize
 Their fond anticipations when they part.

I seek a heaven where joy imparts its bliss,
 As flowers their fragrance shed on all around ;
 I seek a heaven where sordid selfishness
 And Pharisean pride are never found.

I seek a heaven where mutual friendship reigns,
 And God's commandments are the cherished law ;
 I seek a heaven where right, not might, obtains,
 Without constraint of human fear and awe.

I seek a heaven where Nature's laws are found
 Abiding still with all-attractive force ;
 I seek a heaven where wedded hearts are bound
 By ties that God forbids us to divorce.

I seek that heaven which God's own wisdom planned
 To consummate the end his love designed ;
 I seek that heaven whose bliss will still demand
 Fulfilment of the eternal laws of mind.

A. W.

BROOKLYN, L. I., March, 1863.

"As Christ is a living person, so is truth a living thing, that cannot be nailed like a foreign substance to the mind, but must permeate it, as like draws near to like. Until we see clearly that there is a harmony between that which we receive and that which we are, until we admit that Divine, like human, influences can only do their work upon the soul *through finding a point of contact within it*, we are scarcely so alive to the deep moral significance of life as to see how it is through that which we believe, approve, yes, even through that which we *like*, that the soul is prepared to receive the impress of Caesar or of God."

THE CHAIN OF SIN.

It is related of the distinguished Dr. Kirkland, that, on a country clergyman's informing him that people were troubled in his rural region about the perseverance of the saints, — a famous doctrine then of New England theology, — the witty divine replied, "We are more troubled here in Boston by the perseverance of the sinners." There was sober sense in this humor; and, if I may add a serious anecdote in my own experience to the same point, one of the best women, now deceased, I have ever known, frequently in her life told me what pressed heaviest on her mind was the mystery of iniquity. Adopting the phrase of Paul, who found as much incomprehensibility in the human soul and human life as we do, she could not understand how the wicked came to exist, or why sinners should continue, and persist in being so bad. Nor is this a matter within the grasp of our intellect. Sin is a wonder, and the wonder does not diminish as we grow older and think deeper. Beholding transgressions still abound and break into tremendous explosions of evil, new volcanoes of crime opening in our own land, and as at our very feet, — the "weary weight of all this unintelligible world," as the poet calls it, — must have to us a peculiar aggravation from prevailing guilt. Therefore I do not propose or pretend to be able to explain the philosophy of sin, but may do something to lighten if not lift its burden, by pointing to the rules or modes of its working, and the means to resist it.

There is for it, then, let me say, no better type than the prophet's, of a chain. Commentators tell us, the chain, which the Lord directed him to make, meant the subjugation of the Israelites, on account of their unfaithfulness, by the arms of foreign foes. Being but a chain fashioned in Ezekiel's imagination, or symbolically shaped of some material substance, rushes or twigs, from the bank or stream of the

river Chebar, where he sat among the Hebrew captives, it was of course simply representative of something, — and quite as truly of the very nature, as of any of the consequences, of wrong-doing. As he, perhaps, hung up that chain, which he had made, in sight of his countrymen and fellow-mourners, let us, in mental vision, contemplate the truth still of his figure. First, sin is a chain by a law of hereditary transmission. Depraved or excessive inclinations doubtless descend. If the fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. It is not actual sin while it is mere inheritance, but only constitutional temptation, until the seal of free choice is added to ill propensity. Good dispositions are likewise inherited by blood; and God puts power in every willing soul to withstand the contrary cravings of appetite and urgings of passion; but their fatal strength is busy, unless resolutely and perpetually thwarted, — by a double tendency, physical and moral, — in the very breasts of men weaving a chain for their liberty, to drag them into slavery. Again, sin will be a chain for us, if we suffer it, by force of personal habit. Step by step, or creeping like a serpent line by line, silent and imperceptibly slow, with repetition of coil on coil, is its seduction and conquest of the human will. Custom is the first ally it suborns and employs for its project of quieting our scruples, overcoming our faculties, and turning them to its miserable ends. Of all fraud, sensuality, cruelty, and deceit, this is the uniform account. The line of Pope we learned respecting vice, in our childhood, justly describes it: —

“ We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The third, and a mighty link in the chain, is by the natural association of one sin with another. The Devil has sometimes been represented as a smith among the flames of a forge; and no worker in iron ever united part with part more strongly than all sins are welded together. He that steals, will lie to conceal his theft. He that lies, lies for fear

of discovery ; and the more he lies, the more his courage, too, that grand virtue, will go down. He that deceives in word at the beginning, will proceed to deceive in deed, that is, to be dishonest in his dealings. He that is dishonest in one way, will be dishonest in another, and in every way. The man that plundered by day the treasury of a railway, was the man that afterwards robbed by night the mail of the United States. He that indulges in strong drink is not seldom found to be a fornicator and adulterer moreover. Vices are all of a family, parents and children to each other, or first-cousins at least ; they run and cluster together, and introduce each other. As evil spirits are sometimes pictured, in hellish glee dancing round their prey in a ring which offers no opening for escape, so *their* joined hands make a chain to encircle, draw, and hurry us to our ruin, as a mill-tooth catches a man's finger and draws in his whole body. Sin is a chain, once more, by being organized into a social institution. There are many instances of this ; but let us take the case all now gaze at and discuss with such contradictory views, and about which no man can withhold his opinion, it being at the bottom of all our troubles, — slavery in our own land. It is indeed the most remarkable illustration. When, by the ownership and buying and selling of human beings, slavery is made the basis of the labor of a community, and all its capital, cultivation, trade, and society adapt themselves to it, what a strong and terrible, close-fitting, far-reaching chain it becomes. It is a chain that encompasses and fastens together more things than please all its advocates, — some things pleasing to none. Many, who have been willing to institute, perpetuate, or tolerate slavery, would fain avoid or rid it of some of its inevitable features or accompaniments. A man, not hesitating, but assuming that, by some old obsolete text, he is authorized to be the arbitrary owner and disposer of persons of an inferior tribe, may yet — and I believe many a one in his heart and soul does — shrink from the promiscuous corruption this relative position involves, from the sore

lash with which the gang must be driven, from the blood-hound with which the fugitive must be pursued, from the auction-block to which almost any worldly change or accident, while persons are considered property, may bring his living estate,—from the rending of affectionate ties which in household intimacy spring up between white and black,—one of the boasts of the South,—and from the separation of families which the making husbands and wives, parents and children, articles of commerce requires. From these workings of slavery some relentings in every heart not hardened into stone there must be. But all this comes out of the original crime by a law. Such are the convolutions of the chain, and the horrible logic of iniquity. The worst doom of all sin is, not only to suffer, but also sin more. A man might be content with the peculiar patriarchal institution's remaining in its ancient limits. But it is in danger of dying altogether so. It must be extended, or, by the laws of population, as a political institution, it will be stifled and checked. It must tower and predominate in council, and govern legislation, or, in a free country, it will at length not have room and air to breathe. Its upholders have been very sagacious to discern the terms of its ugly prosperity and dire imposition on all our necks. What a chain it has been to chafe even to bleeding every limb and member of this nation!—and when the nation, unable to endure it longer, would unwind its illegal encroachments, and forbid its spread into virgin territories, how it gives the last proof of its chain-like quality, by pulling its vindicators and victims away from the fundamental order of the whole people, for which our fathers fought and bled, into secession, revolution, bloody strife, fearful sacrifices, desolation, poverty, famine, and death! To what a chain—tough as that Jupiter is fabled to have suspended Juno on out of heaven, when she conspired against the celestial order—it hangs them! Constitution and every worthy tradition, all glory of the past and worthy hope of the future, they will sacrifice sooner than give it up. To

what a magnificent, diabolic, if not half-divine splendor of effort, struggle, and desperate valor, worthy of a better cause, it hoists its asserters and responsible advocates, so that they will not yield, by an inch, though the military hand of the government is on their throat wellnigh to strangulation ! What a despotism and conscription — such as France under the first Napoleon never saw, nor Austria under the Hapsburgs, its worst and last house of oligarchs, has practised, nor self-liberating Russia, at the hand of her autocrat, would now endure — it has created to secure itself from wreck amid the rising sea of freedom and right ! A chain and whole ropewalk of cables to restrain and confine justice and humanity it has been. Through how many years, one end round the master as well as one round the slave, it has thrust forth bonds for the limiting of the nation and the fettering of the world, till every mill at the North, and cotton-factory of England, and silk-loom of France, and diplomatic note of Germany, felt its pressure, and submitted to render it service and pay it tribute ! Do we ask the question, why ? Because it is a *sin*, and follows the character and rule of all sin, to bind to odious, fearful, unwelcome, unanticipated results whoever — men or multitudes — take it to their bosom !

How to break this chain is the question. First, by repentance. Would every individual repent of his own transgression, of whatever sort, the chain were dissolved and gone, as completely as the professor of legerdemain seems to take apart his cunning rings of steel. But, private repentance being so partial and imperfect, social reform comes in to supply its defects. John the Baptist must appear in Judæa to arouse those asleep in self-indulgence and smite with remorse souls insensible of their own guilt and shame. History will record, and a better age confess, more fully than the present, that, among us, the reformer has done a good, though incomplete work. But by the obstinacy of those who are dead in trespasses and sins he is often rejected. He himself with great virtues combines some errors or faults, on

which objectors, not to the errors and faults, but to the holy object, whet the edge of their opposition and persecution, while they stiffen their own back to defend themselves in the darling wrong he assails. Then, if the mischief be wrought so firmly that no peaceful hands have power to sunder its chain, God makes it over next to his minister of war, in the cabinet around his throne; for what, in all regions and ages has war been, but the sequel and punishment of otherwise incorrigible human sin?

Attila, the Hun, erred not when he called himself the scourge of God. War is not a lawless accident, a purposeless and useless commotion, but, as the German bard Körner calls it, a thunder-storm, sent for purification. It is an uprooter and a clearer of the soil for better cultivation. It is the fire which in the very ashes of the forest it burns down — so naturalists tell us — quickens the germs of a nobler growth. It seems a sheer destroyer, at whose dreadful blows on earthly happiness and life we stand aghast, and pray that the demon may give place to the angel of peace; yet, in the furrows ploughed deep and ragged by the wheels of battle, and soaked soft with bloody rain, spring the long-buried and wellnigh lifeless seeds of justice and freedom into a lofty resurrection. Were such a civil strife as we are in without prospect of termination, we should almost wish to withdraw from existence itself, beseeching God to take his boon of life back; and we will pray Heaven to spare us the spilling of one needless drop of blood. But the struggle is to cease, — perhaps not so soon as we in our over-confidence and impatient cry for signal victories demand or expect. It has its own season and date. We shall suffer from it as long as we deserve and need. Let foreign powers understand they cannot determine it. "Let it alone," well says to them Thomas Carlyle; "it is the foulest chimney of the century, burning itself out." It will stop clean at length. The passions are not eternal; ideas alone last forever; the pickets on the opposite sides, before or after a contest, exchanging talk and tobacco, are witnesses

that great forces, above human vindictiveness, are measuring swords with each other, the best and strongest of course at last to prevail. The rebellious children we would conquer and reclaim, by pure resistless force of truth, will shift their point of view some time, and, convinced how wretched the sin they have nursed and hugged, till it has grown to crush themselves in its tightening folds, with deeper knowledge of its evils than we can impart, will be persuaded to untwine and cast it away. Hosts forming for the field, nay, already crowned with brilliant achievements, from the negroes we have oppressed, stirred to the fight by the three strongest motives that can act on the human mind, — liberty, race, and country, — flash from their armor a light through all the vast chambers of the house of bondage. But contention alone cannot finally break this chain. Civilization must follow, or the bloody work will have to be done over again. Slavery is barbaric. It is, with whips and unjust laws, instead of tower and moat and draw-bridge and spear, the feudalism of the present day, — the rude aristocracy of the Middle Ages revived for the anachronism of our era, and in a democratic region more out of place than anywhere else. It must consent or be compelled to decline, and the territory it has exhausted and wasted be settled and tilled with a generous industry, that can at least keep the primal decree, — blessing and not curse, — and eat the bread it has earned in the sweat of its own brow. But the chain we make for ourselves of sin will not be entirely and eternally unmade till Christianity have free course. The regeneration of the human heart, from whose lusts all sin and conflict come, is the only redemption of the human race. Every chain drops sundered from minds unfolded by the love, of God and our neighbor, which Jesus taught; and in his principles alone can the whole family of man have freedom.

With the chain thus broken, we have a hopeful future yet; otherwise, all before us is dark. Will any say what I have described as the nation's chain is no chain at all, save to

raise a wild African race from its savage state, and dignify it as the ground of an aristocratic and gentle class,—of manners more refined than those of common folks? I answer, from sad memory, most that we see of these elegant and haughty manners is offensive alike to our religion and our taste. We have come to times in which among lowly people may be found as much real kindness and gracious courtesy as among the highest in wealth and place. If I were asked to point to the gentlemen of England, I would go, not only among the lords and barons, but to those Lancashire operatives preferring to starve rather than countenance intervention, in favor of the tyranny of the South, though it promise to relieve their want; willing to be hungry, to give their voice to the Republic for which the North and the Federal government stand; while we detect some lack of genuine politeness, personal or political, in the earls who seek, across the tossing main so far, their brothers in the oppressors of Carolina, with an instinctive fellow-feeling that they have substantially the same cause. God pity and pardon them, if it can be so! However fair may look the flower that rankly blossoms out of the impurities of bondage, in any realm, it has no beauty or sweetness when examined close. In the interest of true nobility itself, the chain must be broken. Then our country shall arise and put on her beautiful garments, till, better for her emancipation, the world advance and rejoice.

C. A. B.

“‘THAT which is not cannot be numbered,’ saith the wise man. No man can reckon upon any truth that is got by contentious learning; and whoever troubles his people with questions, and teaches them to be troublesome, note that man: he loves not peace, or he would fain be called *Rabbi, Rabbi*.”

THE CHAPEL.

O God, make Thou my soul into a church,
One little chapel in the church of Christ,
So cleanly ordered, with most narrow search,
That angels white may be therein enticed.

Uprear upon its front the Cross divine,
Whose awful shadow scares the fiends away, —
That heals the spirit as that brazen sign
Healed snake-stung flesh in pilgrim Israel's day.

Bid heavenly Yearnings build its piercing spire
In sight of earth, but nearer to the skies,
In hearing of the legions of my Sire,
Lest its fell foes should take it by surprise.

There post, to keep it for the Heavenly King,
Conscience, the watchman, high amid the bells, —
The prayer-bells, — timely larums now to ring,
Then of those vanquished foes to toll the knells.

Through its strait gates let earthly Feelings come,
To issue thence assoiled and sanctified,
To do Thy work in market-place or home,
And sow Thy blessings round on every side.

But there let heavenly Wisdom porter reign,
Firm to shut out all lawless Fantasies
That now run riot in too many a fane, —
False doctrines, young or aged Heresies.

Bid him be wary. But beside him still
Let his soft sister, Mercy, meekly stand,
A ready almoner to clothe or fill
The bare or hungry with an eager hand.

Within let many a lofty image be
Of such as not in vain have sighed and striven,
With upward, prayerful arms to point to me
The pathway that they climbed from earth to heaven.

Within set Thou a font, whose weeping brim
Shall wash away earth's dust that soils the place,
With living waters never dry nor dim,
That gush from the deep well-springs of Thy grace.

On my heart's fleshly tablets, lifted high,
The Pater Noster write, — the Law, — the Creed,
In golden characters that aye the Eye,
That sees in secret, may untarnished read.

There let the Book of Life be opened well, —
The Shekinah still brooding o'er it be, —
To show it, pictures wide of heaven and hell,
With the strait path that threads the world to Thee.

Let heaven at the clear windows vaporless
Look in, expectant, near and calm and blue,
And more and more the Sun of Righteousness,
With peace and pardon in his beams, shine through.

To gild the tombstones of dead Faults, and see
The marble cheek of Penitence grow bright,
Fixed o'er them with clasped hands and kneeling knee,
And face upturned to meet the searching light.

Beneath the roof let Passion's voice be dumb,
Or straightway hushed by Reverence and Faith,
To hear in clearness, through the stillness, come
Each word the still, small Voice unearthly saith.

To my Thoughts' thronging congregation there
Then let Thine angels, in that stillness, preach
The laws the heavens are ruled by, — honor fair,
And their own full-grown public spirit teach: —

To love one's neighbor as one's self, — the same
Love for one's virtue and one's neighbor's know, —
Honor that hateth Falsehood more than Shame,
And Treason more than any loss or woe.

There solemnly let Truth to Love be wed,
Sweet Tenderness to strong Self-Mastery,
To mountain-moving Faith meek Lowlihead,
And fiery Zeal to melting Charity.

Therein let funerals be celebrate
Of childish Wishes such as mortals grieve,
Forever sung to rest with dirges great
By Resignation chanting, "I Believe,"

And Loyalty, who from the dust doth rise
To pitch his key to that of viewless choirs,
That overhead, in spreading harmonies,
With hands untrembling sweep their glorious lyres.

"Thy Will be done! — Thy will, not mine, — Thy will
And mine; for mine is Thine," — thus let him sing;
"And Thine is mine!" — from earth to heaven until
The throbbing air doth with his triumph ring.

There sometimes with a radiant seraph train,
When earth without looks deathly, blank, and cold,
Come down with warmth and wintergreen, and deign
Amid the snows a Christmas feast to hold.

Good Fridays bring, when smileth Fortune's sky
In the spring heats of mine eternity,
That chastened Pride and Greed within may die
For love of him who died for man and me.

There shrive me at Thy dread confessional.
There let Communion be with Christ, the head
Of hosts, the militant, — triumphant, — all; —
There let me kneeling eat the awful bread

He giveth that was broken for our sake,
Worthily, all unmixed with earthly leavens,
Until the walls give way, and way do make
Unto the Church eternal in the heavens.

E. FOXTON.

DUTIES OF LOYALTY AT HOME.

A SERMON BY REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, PREACHED ON FAST DAY, APRIL 2.

"Is not this the fast that I approve;
 To loose the bands of wickedness,
 To undo the heavy burdens,
 To let the oppressed go free,
 And to break in pieces every yoke?
 Is it not to break thy bread to the hungry,
 And to bring the poor that are cast out to thy house,—
 When thou seest the naked, that thou clothe him,
 And that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?
 Then shall thy light break forth like the morning,
 And thy wounds shall speedily be healed;
 Thy prosperity shall go before thee,
 And the glory of the Lord shall bring up thy rear."

ISAIAH lviii. 5-7.

THAT we have fallen on evil times is not to be denied, if by evil times be understood times of great sufferings and dangers. There is no greater calamity than war, so far as material interests are involved, and civil wars are the most dreadful of all. To see the energies of man, through which the arts of civilization have been developed, and the fields been converted into gardens, turned to the work of destruction and carnage, and making the earth a wilderness, or, worse yet, a field of blood, is appalling. And yet tidings of these things have been our daily news for two years, till we read them with slow pulses and steady nerves. And not in any wars of ancient or modern times, if we except those of the swarming and half-barbarous East, has the work of destruction been planned on so vast a scale. The allied armies of England, France, and Turkey in the Crimea numbered all told 59,000 men;—less than our little State of Massachusetts alone has sent into the field; less than the number of the slain which, during these two years, have filled the homes of the country with mourning. Unquestionably, then, we have fallen on evil times.

And greater evils than these have become manifest. The storm of passion subsiding into lurid hate, the milk of

human kindness turned into wormwood, sectional hatreds whose depths yawn downward to the infernal fires, cruelties and barbarities whose parallel you must seek by going back to the history of the Inquisition in Spain and the Netherlands, or to Indian warfare, and which will show to the latest age as ugly blots on our civilization, which all the rains of heaven cannot wash away,—these things, too, will rise darkly on your memories when we say that we have fallen on evil times.

If this way of speaking, however, means to imply what is called in cant phrase the “degeneracy of the age,” of which those persons are apt to complain the most who have done the least to make the age better, then I would reject it altogether, for I do not so interpret the omens of the hour. The times are the people who live in the times, and there never was a people who have been led from lower to higher forms of prosperity and enlightenment who have not had crises to go through, — who have not been put on trial, passed through days of judgment, that the wrongs of a corrupt past may be redressed, and the new come forth with brighter transfigurations from the old. In these days of trial and judgment the evil comes to the surface which had lurked within; but unless a land is given over to ruin, they are confronted at the same time with all the hereditary and heroic virtues made brighter and stronger for the trial. It is the dividing of the light from the darkness, one gathering off and rolling away in lurid folds, that the other may appear in more conquering splendor. We have fallen on evil times, because we see the evil more disengaged from the good, and its darkness made more visible, — the evil brought in great sores to the surface, which before lurked within and poisoned all the fountains of life.

These days of fasting and praying are good days, if we will use them for good by turning to the Lord for light on our way of duty, and strength to follow it. Under a sense of responsibility for our words and sentiments, let us review our duties to these times of danger and trouble.

1. And first among these we place the duty of *unconditional loyalty*. We never knew so well before the meaning of that word, and how all the other virtues are folded up in this one. We have lived under the protection of government and law, which have touched us invisibly like the air, and whose pressure has been so equable and beneficent that we did not know its presence. In the old countries they place a man or a woman upon the throne, and so the virtue of loyalty gathers into it the strength of personal affection. They surround the king or the queen with gorgeous emblems of authority. We have no such arts as these. Our fathers rejected them as unworthy the simple forms of a free government. They substituted in place of these a written Constitution. It was not perfect, because nothing human is perfect, but it was the most perfect embodiment of public justice, which not merely that age, but all the ages together, had produced, and that it was the best possible which could be produced I believe no one has ever doubted who has studied its history. The word *loyalty*, then, on American lips, has a higher and more sacred meaning: it is reverence for the best form of constitutional government, — for Justice herself, enthroned above all persons, more kingly and queenly than kings and queens, adored for her awful majesty and beauty, without any trappings to catch the senses and imaginations of men. This is American loyalty, — allegiance to the government as the supreme order of the land, and the best form possible of constituted justice.

Disloyalty to the country which has borne, protected, and nourished us involves disloyalty to all other obligations. It is the dissolution of the whole frame of society. It is universal ruin. It is giving up every man to his own malignant selfhood. Nations are made up of states, states of counties and towns, towns of families, families of husbands, wives, parents, children, sisters, and brothers. If one of these relations may be tainted with perjury, so may all the others. The family is involved in the state, the less in the greater,

protected by it; and were it not so, the mother could not rock in peace and safety the cradle of her babes. Hence you see, where treason is doing its work, it does not end with seceding from the general government. All the ties which bind man to man, or man to woman, are poisoned or broken up. Neighbors that once lived in peace plot each other's assassination; women practise the devilish wiles of the serpent, and betray their own kindred; brothers part different ways and shoot each other down; father and son take opposite sides in the work of death; and where once were peaceful villages are hideous blood-spots or blackened wastes, which mark the blasting of Almighty wrath against the perjury of treason.

And do not suppose that these are dangers which only lie far off in the distance. Treason would work precisely the same mischiefs, if it had its way, here in your own communities and around your own homes and firesides. Can any man in his senses doubt for a moment that, if now in the mighty struggle that is on us the government fails, or is thwarted or made weak, it will be an unloosing of all the bonds of society, till all our home factions and feuds are blown into a like flame of civil war? Dissolving the Union, in order to make peace with traitors, is dissolving all the bonds which bind man to man, and man to society, society to the state, and the state to the foot of God's throne. It is not merely to break up this cordon of States, and turn each madly from its sphere: it is to split the state itself into chaotic fragments, setting neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, the child against the father, and the father against the child, till here as there the human heart runs gall, and the streams run blood to the ocean. Letters from a neighboring State tell us that good and wise men there are doing their uttermost to steer away from this gulf of ruin. In our day of national judgment, then, as in the day of the great judgment, there can be but two sides to choose. It puts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right; for loyalty is giving up everything to strengthen the

bonds of law, — ourselves, our goods, our children, our erring judgments and notions, — laying them all down, that government may be omnipotent over the serpent brood that seeks its life. Loyalty involves truth and fidelity to God and man. Treason is perjury, not only towards the state, but towards all the relations that lie under it and are protected by it, and run downward and take into them the tenderest ties of neighborhood and family and kindred.

2. And there is another duty, I think, which lies upon us, — to forget our narrow divisions and petty strifes, and rise to a broader view of the great issue of to-day. Always, when calamities and judgments come upon a people, the parties try to shift the blame upon each other. "This is your doing." "See the mischief you have wrought!" Such taunts are thrown to and fro. Or, again, we hear it resolved into a general decay of all virtue; and this is thought to be very profound philosophy. Let us rise out of this narrowness, and acknowledge that there is a God in human affairs, and that there are laws of providence which govern the stream of time in its courses. If only we will rise to the serene heights of history, we shall see, I think, that the conflict of this day is one which the parties and the politicians could not very much help or very much hinder. What is the great idea of the new age, which has produced all the modern revolutions, which is shaping all governments, which is struggling everywhere to have its way? It is the sacredness of human nature, the infinite value of the human soul, as having an end in itself, — capable of a growth in knowledge and grace which flings shame upon all outward distinctions, — that the nature of the humblest man is a nature which Christ assumed and died for, and thus made capable of an inward salvation which no dross of earth can buy, — yea, that God himself took upon him the garment of our humanity, and so the humblest man that wears it is dear to his Maker. This great truth, finding its way everywhere, pressing from the heavens into the minds of men, is

mightier than all the governments of the earth, and bends them to itself. All the distinctions of caste melt before it, as being outward and factitious; belonging to the trappings of human nature, and not its essence. It has melted through the frozen despotism of Russia, and after the struggle of a century finally spake the word which turned forty millions of serfs into men and women. It breathes through all humanity in the millions that groan and toil. The rotten throne of the Pope is crumbling before it, and a new Italy comes into being. It swept the islands of the gulf, and the fetters of the slaves have fallen off. It has moulded the English monarchy, sometimes silently, sometimes in the fires of revolution, and changed it from a despotism to the freest government upon the earth. It visits the islands of the sea, and of idolaters and cannibals it has shaped men and women who sit at the feet of Jesus full of the hopes of immortality. It has abolished the slave-trade from the coast of Africa, planted colonies along its shores, where a new republic has come into being, where schools and colleges flourish, the nurseries of art and science, — where a new college has just been opened whose inaugural services would not compare very unfavorably with those we witness here, — where churches are opened and Christ preached, — and towards which Ethiopia is stretching out her hands. Such are some of the omens which show that, in the new era for which all other eras have prepared the way, the idea which is to govern and organize the world is the intrinsic worth of human nature over all its accidents, and the moral and spiritual unity of the human race. Hence the idea which flesh and blood hath not revealed unto us, and therefore which no flesh and blood can melt out of us, that every man is part of God's organic whole, and to hurt one is to hurt all; that every man bears in him the image of the Christ, and therefore the image of every other man, and so through the inmost consciousness of our humanity the flash of right and wrong, and of joy and woe, runs round the globe and thrills through its ocean-sundered nerves.

Now in our own republic, and under its Constitution, whose prelude catches this chant of the new age, that "all men are born free and equal," there were, nevertheless, two forms of society. There were the slave despotisms, in which a few of the people own a large portion of the rest, and turn them into chattels. And there were the Free States, where each man owns himself and is an end in himself. Such a thing might be in the infancy of a state. But in our amazing growth and development, both of these forms of society have been developed also, — one in harmony with the whole genius of our government and the civilization of the modern world and all the traditions of our history, the other in conflict with them all. The very instinct of slavery tells it that these cannot coexist, — that one must recede before the other; and so it stabs at the life of the republic, and would make freedom and Christianity a pale and vanishing fringe on the border of a black, centralized despotism, to rule the destinies of the continent, with property in man for its corner-stone. To say that all the discussions that have preceded this conflict have been what they should be, would be to say that men and women are not human. To say that any party has been immaculate would not be true. To say that all the parties together, or any class of men, except the traitors, could have prevented this conflict, would be to suppose that God had died out of the world; that the prophesyings of three hundred years are all a lie; that the most beautiful blushes on the morning of the nineteenth century are baleful omens, and not the harbingers of day; that the votes of conventions and caucuses could roll back the stream of history, yea, rather shut out the Divine influx or set back its waves to the throne of God. Standing on these serener heights, I can see only one issue that swallows up all the others, and I lay down all my notions and opinions loyally before it. How slavery will disappear, or when, I do not know. Enough that the judgment of God is against it, and that to extinguish treason is to serve him and prepare the

way for his coming, to be received and glorified in all his children.

3. And this makes another duty of the hour very plain and very easy, — and that is *courage*. We have sent our neighbors and brothers into the field with our blessing upon them, and we demand of them that they be brave. Have they not first a right to demand the same thing of us, and to rebuke the moral cowardice at home? They tell us, when they write home, that their worst discouragements come from behind them, in the boding and despondency which we breathe into them, taking the soul out of their virtue. "You send us here," they say, — to quote their own language, — "then tell us we are throwing away our lives on a hopeless errand; you do all you can to take the moral life out of us, and leave us for the rebels to finish." Thanks to the Lord, this is becoming less true every day. But the fact remains, that the armies of a republic, fighting for its life, are one with the people, and that the same pulse beats through them both, low and feeble or quick and strong. There is no man or woman who stays at home who may not breathe into some one who has gone from them the energy of hope and prayer. Despondency is the more wicked when faith and trust are so easy. For the way in which we have been led, and the very blunders and weaknesses of men taken up into the plan of the Divine Providence already, and weaving like golden threads into history, are very wonderful. We see not the end of the troubles of to-day, but we see enough to know that God is working for us a great deal better than we intend; that the great courses of history will have their way, and that, though the traitors and factionists may cause a ripple here and an eddy there, and for the hour work mischief and local ruin, yet they can no more alter the great channels of history than they can alter the course of the planet that swings them through the celestial spaces. Courage, faith, trust, confidence, hope in God, and hope for man, are also the attendant virtues of loyalty to the country.

Treason in open arms is not worse than treason in the heart, breeding fears and discontents and factions and fault-findings, letting down the tone of our virtue, striking the soul with moral palsy, willing to have peace by letting the Constitution and law and liberty and manhood go down under the swinish hoofs of rebellion. Let us have faith in God, and something of God's patience too. O, how patient God is! He waited six thousand years for the time when the unity of the race and the franchises of humanity could be fitly inaugurated. He prepared the way step by step, and day by day, by his prophets and his Christ, and now that his clocks all over the civilized world are ready to strike, shall we not watch with him one hour?

I have thus tried to make obvious three duties that lie upon us to-day. I might add a fourth,—the acknowledgment of national sin. But the best acknowledgment of sin is for every man to purge himself before God, stand up clearly to his responsibilities, and keep his hands and his conscience clean. Have the loyalty that lays everything, without reservation, on the altar of God and of country. Be above the smallness of faction, and up to the level of the grand issue of the hour. Have faith in God, and eschew that contagious cowardice which demoralizes the land. If ever there was a time when Burke's blasting rebuke of factious fault-finding needed to be applied, it is now: "We should approach the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country who are prompted rashly to hack that parent in pieces and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds and wild incantations they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their father's life."

I will not close my discourse to-day without remembering that we are on the eve of that anniversary which commemorates the great central facts of the world's history, around

which all its hopes and revolutions turn. To-morrow is the day of Christ's death. The Sunday following he burst the tomb—the tomb to which our thoughts make yearly pilgrimage—"of Him who was not man alone, but mingled man and God." In that death and in that resurrection you may read the history of our own suffering humanity which he wrapped about him,—ever again in his children and his peoples, down the ages, to be pierced, to bleed, to be crucified, to be laid in the tomb and rise out of it glorified. So wisely he hath ordained that human progress shall not be a mere development, but a death and a resurrection; and a Christian people's glorious future, like that of their Lord, is out of a past whose gory coverings are left in the sepulchre. O that we might have risen to a new and glorified national existence without the thorns and the wounds and the crucifixion and the tomb! But it could not be: and if we share the wounds of the Man of Sorrows, we share also the hopes and promises of individual, moral, and national resurrection. We need, I know, all the promises, all the hopes and consolations.

But we remember again how we are all passing on, how we have all of us but one life to live here, and render up to God; and the only question with any good man is, how can I give it to my God and my age in such wise as to serve them best,—so as to pass from the earth, and leave it greener and fairer for the generations that remain. I say that is the sole question with every good man, and this faith turns the Gethsemanes and Calvarys all over the land into mountains of Ascension. For as individuals at best our day is short, and we pass from this earth like the swarms of a summer's hour. But the earth remains, and the generations will pass over it forever; and happy will it be for us, if, when we bend from our orbs on high, we shall see our spot of earth made brighter, and children walking over it happy and free, because there, when God struck the hour of a new era, we heard him, and obeyed his call.

TO A REFORMER.

You have asked me for a key to the philosophy of evil. You are discouraged with the soul's imperfections, disheartened with the tardy and small victories which reward your efforts, and, groping down the shadowy avenue of life, you are longing for the hand of Wisdom to throw back the gates of doubt and unbelief, and let in upon you the glad rays of reconciliation and trust in the Divine mind. Now, should I search all my lifetime through every department of my intellect, I do not believe I should find the key which you desire; but looking deeper, examining my observations, hopes, trusts, affections, intuitions, — in short, by exploring the chambers of my soul, — I find that which at least lets the sunlight of peace into my own spirit, and possibly it may into yours also, if you will accept of so simple a key.

I have sat by my window in the summer days and seen the sun pour its gold over the granite of our New England hills, and I could but notice how much more beautiful the brightness seemed because of the contrasting shadows which the brooding clouds threw down. Often, too, have I watched the grand rising of a summer storm, coming on tempest wings, to break up the land's quiet and calm. All the valley was sleepy with its weight of sunshine, the meadow lilies hung their heads lazily in the warm splendor, butterflies were dreaming in the roses, while swift and silent, over the dark-blue mountain, rose up the threatening cloud. Soon the wind and rain came down, bending into humility the proud old woodland, while the upstart willows bowed obsequiously, and every flower rocked trembling on the stem. But when the sun, who had been laughing all the while behind the scenes, came out again, what do you think the landscape said? for our ears are open sometimes, and we catch the words which the soul of Nature speaks. It said, "Thank God for the darkness! Praise God for the storm!"

The streams laughed louder, the forest tossed a crown of brightened verdure toward heaven, and the flowers with washed faces nodded gayly at each other, and whispered together over their new beauty.

I have noticed that the deadly and destructive elements of the material world, which were once considered as signs of the curse and anger of God, now reveal themselves to our improved and extended knowledge as the blessings of a kind Creator. And every fresh discovery, instead of shrouding in darkness the soul's crown of expectation, reveals in brightened splendor the sure promise of its immortality and glory. Is it not possible, and quite probable, that rules similar to those which preside in the material will prevail also in the spiritual? Is it inconsistent to suppose that those passions which seem to darken the soul may be converted into aids and helpers to all spiritual progress? There are moments when we thank God for our imperfections, because they keep our faces turned toward heaven for help. It was so kind and wise in our Creator to bring up the Giant of Evil for us to wrestle with, — something to determine the spirit's calibre.

And have we not reason to be grateful for the shadow of sorrow, and the stern storm of trial? I can comprehend and admire the purpose of the Divine wisdom that we should be sometimes afflicted, — that we should be wholly thrown back upon ourselves, and the good we may find within us, as our only source of consolation. The dark that closes about us brings out the most beautiful stars, if we only look for them. It is an excellent thing to find ourselves among the low seats, to have such heavy burdens upon us that the rich wine of our natures is forced out, to have the world try to set its hard heel on all that is noble and true within us, only causing every better principle of the soul to take deeper root from the pressing and trampling; or, like muscles in constant exercise, to grow so firm and elastic that the spirit finally gains strength to toss the world aside, and we go straight on in our course, patient, cheerful, persevering, brave. When

the Book of Record is opened, we shall find many a man and woman, world-derided souls, who in these trials have proved themselves to be greater conquerors than he who taketh a city.

Failure is always the price we pay for the pearl of Humility. It is scarcely attainable at any other cost. Made conscious of our weakness, we no longer kneel at the throne of grace with a pharisaical self-assurance and complacency, but, realizing the great difference between ourselves and the Christ-pattern, publican-like we stand afar off, with a grieved gladness that God is so kind and good as to let his love and beauty shine upon us from that great distance. Then the soul says in secret, "O God, I am too sinful to come near thee! Human passion and vanity continue to weave their chains about me, even while my eyes are fixed on heaven; but, Parent of good! though I am held fast in the meshes of sin, still let me look toward thy face! let me have a consciousness of all thy purity and goodness! let me worship thee afar off!"

There is not a condition or situation on earth in which man will not suffer the pangs of disappointment. Continually across his sunlight falls this shadow. Grim realities take the place of his beautiful ideals, and he finds lumps of clay where he searched for diamonds. And what may this braided light and darkness mean, except to bring us more directly *en rapport* with all that is good and holy in that world which can alone furnish the true ideal? When the heart experiences the insecurity of earthly trust, then we seek to lean the head upon that heart that is above pain, torture, and wretchedness, that is unchanging in its love and mercy, that throbs life into the universe, — the mighty, ever-pulsing heart of God. Then we are led to find the ready relief, the one infallible cure for the soul's pain. Then we seek the kind Physician, who gives life, strength, and peace to his sick children.

We cannot fail to notice that many a misfortune and dis-

appointment in life has thrown new and dear enjoyments in our way, and, much as we hate the trouble, we can but rejoice at a cause that discovers to us new and better sources of happiness. At the first thought, we are grieved at the sufferings of our Lord, and his crucifixion ; but looking further, we see that the sin of the Jews brought to light the triumphs of the resurrection. We mourn that the spirit of evil can darken and deform the spirit of man ; yet had it been otherwise, we could never have known the depths of God's love toward us, and the opposite of all evil could never have been so fully and perfectly revealed.

To become a successful reformer, I think it necessary to have a well-grounded faith in God, and in the final superiority of good in man. We best prove our love for the parent, by laboring for the children. A blind enthusiasm in our work can bring only continual disappointment, ending at last in a total relaxation of effort. We must remember that progress in all things is gradual, and almost imperceptible. The rough rock is many a long year fastening on its complete dress of moss, and the torn and ragged bank that the enraged waters have devastated will not finish putting on its patches of green in a man's lifetime. If the great tree of humanity reveals itself to us, not as we imagined, beautiful and nearly perfected, but as crab-apple species, why then we must keep on doing our share of the grafting ; but the new scions will gather all their life from the same old rootage ; it will be the same trunk, with a different growth of foliage, — the same soul, with a different development. If we find thistles, instead of luxuriant vines, to cultivate, then we must content ourselves in bringing that unseemly plant to as great a degree of perfection as possible. Cheer up, weak heart ! even in the homely blossom of a thistle there is a hidden honey. The tiny globe of dew grows perfect in a single night, but the beautiful gem slowly matures, age by age, in its dark bed, while the century-living birds and the generations of men pass away. Even so with the spirit ; slowly, in its mys-

terious changes and revolutions, it gathers to itself immortal beauty and brightness. So like children, in obedience to our Father's commands, we will trust and labor, believing that out of this light and shade and dust of our work-day world shall one day come the finished and perfected web of the Designer; out of the fragments, noise, and confusion, unity, harmony, peace. And while we toil, let us often

"Pause to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

A. C. K.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

THE following lyric by Fysh serves as a commentary on Rev. xxi. 1, which has perplexed many readers in finding its meaning.

My little bark has suffered much
From adverse storms; nor is she such
As once she seemed to be:
But I shall shortly be at home,
No more a mariner to roam;
When once I to the port am come,
There shall be no more sea.

Then let the waves run mountain-high,
Confound the deep, perplex the sky,
This shall not always be;
One day the sun will brightly shine,
With light and life and heat divine;
And when that glorious land is mine,
There shall be no more sea.

RANDOM READINGS.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS OF SWITZERLAND.

It is often said that the influence of Dr. Channing is greater beyond the ocean than in his native country, that his works are more read in England and on the Continent than in the homes where his name is a household word, and in the denomination with which his name is joined. There are many here, certainly, who keep his writings as a talisman which they prize and reverence more than they use, and are satisfied with owning the excellent volumes which they never look into. In Europe, those who own the writings of Channing read them, study them, and learn them by heart. One is surprised very often at hearing them alluded to and quoted by plain, unlettered men, and at the apparent unconsciousness of any sympathy with heresy in these quotations and allusions. In Perth, in Scotland, I heard a ruling elder of the Kirk, expert in the Calvinistic theology, fortify his arguments by the free opinions of the American heretic, and express his satisfaction that the heart of the great thinker was right, even if the form of his words was not according to the approved confession. In a ride which I took in a jaunting-car from Carrickfergus to the Giant's Causeway, the wonder of the grand scenery of the headlands was divided by the surprise of hearing the opinions of Channing constantly cited as authority in a sharp theological discussion, the pastime of travellers in that region. In the ruins of Holyrood, I was questioned concerning the habits and appearance of our American preacher by a companion who seemed to care much more for him than for Knox or Maitland or the men of the Covenant. Nay, even at Jerusalem, on a high feast-day, when a new Pacha was entering the city in triumphal state, with drums beating, firing of guns, and the green banners of the Prophet waving in long procession, a Catholic priest, O'Dwyer by name, was pleased to tell me how much he had enjoyed the democratic writings of this free religious American thinker. We talked of Dr. Channing, as we sat by the Damascus gate, and in front of the grotto of Jeremy the prophet.

But perhaps the most singular surprise of this kind was one that came in the Alps of Eastern Switzerland, in following down the valley of the Upper Rhine in that most romantic of all passes and

wonderful of all roads, the pass and road of Splügen. In crossing the mountain from Chiavenna, there were but few passengers in the diligence; and if the appearance of these few had invited conversation, the jargon of their strange Romansch dialect would have rendered it impossible for any stranger except Mithridates, Mezzofanti, or Max Müller to hold intercourse with them. I was compelled to lose the knowledge of their ruling passion, and could only conjecture, from their gestures and the expression of their faces, that they were talking about florins and kreutzers and the price of bread, rather than about glaciers, gorges, and waterfalls.

At the village of Splügen, on the northern side of the mountain, where we stopped awhile to dine, the company was recruited by some half-dozen more of passengers, two of whom came into that part of the diligence in which I was seated. This couple, though evidently Grison by race and residence, spoke with one another in the comparatively civilized and Christian German tongue, which invited a stranger to break his silence and seek their society. One of them was, by his dress and manner, apparently a common man; the other, by his costume, gave token that he was, or had been, in the clerical office. He wore the white neckcloth, the black coat of rather formal cut, a high-crowned hat, and gold-bowed glasses. His address was that of a man well educated, and of one who had been used to more cultivated society than that of this wild land. The American reveals himself by certain invariable signs, under every disguise and every sky. His nationality will come out, however cosmopolite the air he may assume, and whatever the dialect he may attempt to speak. And I had not said many words before my fellow-traveller politely remarked, —

“I cannot be mistaken in thinking that you are an American, — *Mein Herr.*”

“How did you discover that? I did not say anything about America.”

“O, I thought it from your disappointment in finding that our famous river was so small a stream. It is because you have in your country streams so much larger, and are accustomed to sail on those great rivers of which I have read. If it had been an Englishman, now, he would have been surprised to see the Rhine as large as it is, if he had expressed any surprise at all, which I doubt. I know an American from an Englishman by his *Gemüthlichkeit*, his enthusiasm of manner. The English are a cold people, and if they feel any

amazement or rapture, take particular care to hide it. I never could find out what they really enjoy."

"Then you like the Americans better than the English?"

"Yes! as far as I know them. I never have become much acquainted with Americans, except through books. But I have read a good many American books, among others the Writings of George Washington. There was a man, sir, — the greatest man of modern times, the greatest man of his age, — yes, I will say it, of any age: all things considered, the greatest man I have ever heard or read of. Why, what statesman or general or patriot has England ever produced that can be named with Washington? Talk about Marlborough and Wellington, — they were quite another sort of men, sir, — good soldiers; but not great men, sir, in the best sense of that word. It is an honor, sir, to any man to be a countryman of George Washington, and I am only vexed that I did not live sixty years sooner, that I might have gone to America and looked on the face of such a hero." And my companion continued on in this strain until his enthusiasm became almost frantic, and his humbler comrade was amazed at the exhibition.

"It is very pleasant to an American," I replied, when a pause in his flow of words gave me an opportunity to speak, "to find that the man whom we call the 'Father of his Country' has such friends in a foreign land. But how were you able to read the Writings of Washington? You do not seem to understand English, and I have not heard that there is any German translation."

"I do not, it is true, understand English very well, when it is spoken, since I do not hear it very often, and I do not pretend to speak it at all; but I can read it easily enough. And I must tell you how I came to learn it, and how I came to read those big volumes of Washington's writings. I came to learn about Washington from what I had learned of another great American, — the greatest, I think, that your country has produced, except Washington. Perhaps you have known him? I mean the Dr. Channing."

"Certainly I knew him. I was born in the city where he preached, used to visit at his house, and hear him talk, and his only son was my friend and college classmate."

How the gray eyes of my companion dilated and kindled as he turned full round to me, and with the expressive ejaculation, "So!" exclaimed, "Wonderful! to think that I should meet a man here,

among these mountains, who knew the Dr. Channing. Why, sir, that man was my saviour. I owe it to him that I am a preacher at all, and not an utter and miserable sceptic. Let me tell you how I first became acquainted with this great man. More than thirty years ago" (it was in 1853 that the conversation occurred) "I was a student in the University of Basle, down lower on our river,—perhaps you have been there, and seen that queer old place, and the fine old library,—a student of theology there. It was the custom of our dogmatic teacher, after he had finished his lecture, to ask the students if they had any remarks to make, any questions or any objections. I used to avail myself of his invitation. And when he lectured upon the early heretics, and gave their objections to Christianity with his own answers, I took occasion to say that the objections seemed to me to be of more weight than the answers. I thought that Celsus and Porphyry and the heretics had better reason than my Calvinistic teacher. This free criticism soon made my position very uncomfortable, and I left Basle, and went to Halle in Germany, where I thought I should find more sympathy. But I did not find there what I wanted. There was too much negation, and I wanted a positive faith. I read a great many books, but none of them seemed to tell me what I wanted to hear. One day, a year or two after I had been in Halle, I read in a German paper a column or two, extracted from a sermon preached in Baltimore, in America, at the ordination of a Mr. Sparks, by Dr. Channing. I had never heard the name before, and never, that I know, read anything written by an American. But this extract struck me at once. It told me just what I thought, and what I had longed to hear. I said then to myself, I must find out about this Channing. I could not get his works in German, though I learned that he had written a good many more fine things than this sermon. So I had to make the best of it, and learn the English language, for the purpose mainly of reading Channing's writings. I got a good many of them separately from time to time; and at last, some ten years ago, I got a complete edition of them in six volumes; and I have read them so often that I know them almost by heart. My creed is in those books, and that doctrine is what I have always preached. Without them I should have been an infidel. Sir, I have got more spiritual comfort from the writings of this Dr. Channing, fragmentary as they are, than from all the German and Swiss theologians together."

I ventured to express the fear that he was allowing his zeal for the American preacher to run into extravagance, but he insisted that what he said was the truth. "And, moreover, sir," said he, "it is glory enough for any country to have had two such men as Washington and Channing, — the greatest hero and the greatest prophet of history. Sir, the time is coming when the words which Channing has spoken about the great curse of your country will turn out to be true, and you will suffer for your toleration of the wicked institution of slavery. You will need another Washington then. The great reason why I love the theology of Channing is that he identifies the rights of men with the justice of God, and that he claims freedom for every child of God.

"And now, as to how I came to read the Writings of Washington. I was interested in Mr. Sparks, through this sermon of which I have spoken. And when I heard, many years later, that he had published some volumes of these writings, I sent to England and ordered them. So you see it was Dr. Channing who really made me acquainted with Washington. These are not all the American books which I have, by any means. I frequently read the speeches of your Congressmen, and I read only within a few weeks the inaugural address of your new President, Mr. Pierce, which seemed to me to have many noble sentiments. I trust that he will remember that he is the successor of Washington. If I were not so old, I should try to cross the ocean and see your country, though I have never in my life been in London, or even in Paris."

In this vein, our conversation was continued for two or three hours, the interest of my companion never abating, until we reached the town of Coire, the capital of the Grisons, where he descended and took leave of me, after having handed me a card on which his name was inscribed in characters not very legible, but which I interpreted as the Swiss equivalent for our name of Brown. It was a singular interview, and I could not regret it, though it deprived me of some of the excitement of passing the *Via Mala*, the wildest of all Alpine gorges.

C. H. B.

"CHRISTIAN religion loves not tricks nor artifices of wonder, but, like the natural and amiable simplicity of Jesus, by plain and easy propositions, leads us in wise paths to a place where sin and strife shall never enter. What good can come from that which fools begin, and wise men can never end but by silence?"

In memory of Mrs. Martin Lincoln, who died on the 2d of April, 1863, in the 84th year of her age, at the venerable mansion once occupied by her father-in-law, the late General Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham.

THE mother sleeps ! O, beautiful
As sunset clouds at even,
The closing of such precious life,
Now opening into heaven.

Her works on earth so faithfully
For long, long years were done ;
And then with meek and gentle grace
She yielded one by one, —

Till, 'mid a loving circle, she
Did fold those active hands,
And sat to hear the angel voice
From yonder spirit-lands.

She passed away in peace and trust,
With heart so fresh and true,
Leaving a priceless legacy,
While fading from our view.

'Neath flowering plants they laid her head,
In her own home below,
Then bore her forth to join the friends
Who left her long ago.

Ay, gently, mother, will the winds
Float round thy still, white tomb,
And singing birds their requiem breathe,
And summer flowerets bloom ;

While in the home where thou hast dwelt,
Filled with the thought of thee,
New deeds of gentleness and love
Will bless abundantly.

Farewell, dear, sainted friend ! and yet
We feel thy spirit near,
Blending the memory of the loved
With joys in thy high sphere.

Love, thou hast found thy native air,
Life, thine eternal Source !
Strength, sinking into weakness here,
Thine unexhausted Force.

With powers renewed we see thee, now,
 Sweet mother, angel bright !
 O, *would* we call thee back again,
 From thy new home of light ?

AT A GRAVE.

“Why seek ye the living among the dead ?” — LUKE xxiv. 5.

HEED well what the Angel
 To mourners said ;
 And write that evangel
 Above the dead.

Why come with your grieving
 To this low bed ?
 “Why seek ye the living
 Among the dead ?”

To Memory's high places
 My heart is led ;
 Beyond earthy spaces, —
 There walk my dead.

Deep, deep in Affection
 Unlimited,
 Still, still in connection,
 Repose my dead.

The ground is no holder
 Of one dear head.
 They never can moulder ;
 Why call them dead ?

The souls of God's giving
 To God have fled ; —
 “Why seek ye the living
 Among the dead ?”

N. L. F.

“As Christ said to his disciples, and left it to them at the last, saying, ‘Love one another, as I have loved you ; for thereby men shall know that you are my disciples.’ If men would as fervently seek after love and righteousness, as after opinions, there would be no strife on earth, and we should live as children in our Father ; and should need no law or ordinance.” — *Jacob Behmen*.

"MOURNING FOR THE CHILDREN."

"I passed, the other day, a house from which five little girls had gone in quick succession." — E. H. S. (*April Number of the Religious Magazine.*)

FIVE little voices hushed ! —
The rooms all silent, which they used to cheer
With merry-making all the happy year !

Five little vacant chairs ! —
The rosy forms they held, so plump and round,
Confined and cold and pulseless, under ground !

Five little pairs of feet, —
Busy with pattering up and down the hall ;
Laid side by side now, — quiet, stirless all !

Five little pairs of hands, —
Rosy and eager in their childish quests ;
Still now, and folded o'er five silent breasts.

Five little children gone !
Gone from the nest that warmed them, and the love
And care that watched their childish steps above.

Five little children gone !
Gone to the tender Shepherd whose kind arm
Gathers the lambs and keeps them safe from harm.

Five little children less
To taste earth's joys and sorrows, and to bear
Life's heavier burdens each and all must share.

Five little children more
To swell the song of angels, and to be
Sinless and blest and safe eternally !

C. A. M.

MAY MORNING.

"Cloud-piercing peak and trackless heath
Instinctive homage pay,
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
To honor thee, sweet May !"

WORDSWORTH.

ALL through the months of March and April we have been enjoying spring through the poets, as blind men enjoy scenery through the descriptions of others. "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!" Thomson saw this, but we did not. Poor Hood did not, when he pronounced Thomson a "humbug," and went on counter-singing, under the influence of March flaws, "O where's the *spring* in a rheumatic leg, stiff as a table's?"

But May turns over a new leaf in the book of nature. The grass grows green in hollows and on south-side views, creeping outward towards the middle of the field, and our blue-bird and robin have both come back with the same old song. May, not "Spring," is the great Easter of Nature. Resurrection from the dead, regeneration, hope of immortality, yea, immortality already "brooding over us like the day," with its vistas of everlasting green, — all these are texts of sermons which May, the new-comer, preaches to us. The chief merit of a good writer is that he suggests a great deal more than he says. The merit of Nature is, that she suggests a great deal more than she exhibits, giving gleams of a glory not her own; ideals of better scenery than earth; correspondences of beautiful truths; openings into the eternal everglades where the sun is a hundred-fold brighter, where the fields are a continuous emerald, and the air a rainbow. How sweet are these openings out of this world of perishing beauty and ever-returning storms! A contributor sends us the following, — a sweet song for you to sing when you go to gather the first flowers of May. s.

THE AWAKENING.

LIFE stirs anew in pulses that were dumb
 Through the long winter's crystalline repose,
 But far-off echoes of the spring-time come
 To thrill the sleeper, and again there flows,

In thread-like veins of every leaf and flower,
 The tide of being, exquisite and warm;
 Ye who have waited for this golden hour,
 Behold it breaking from a day of storm!

By singing waters, and in meadows brown,
 The miracles of beauty shall unfold;
 The tears of April, dropped in sadness down,
 Transfigured glisten in the harvest gold.

And when the trees have robed themselves with leaves
 In the fair Eden for each spring prepared,
 And the south-wind — a breathing memory — grieves
 For the departed, who its music shared, —

Beyond earth's shadows and its veiling mist,
They shall walk softly in perennial spring:
 Death the worn eyelids into slumber kissed,
 That the freed spirit might awake and sing.

C. M. P.

RUFUS CHOATE.

PROFESSOR BROWN, of Dartmouth College, gives us the *Life and Writings of Rufus Choate*, in two volumes. Sometimes great men, like great mountains, look best at a distance. It is not so with Mr. Choate. We are convinced, on reading these volumes, that the popular impression of him was much below the truth, particularly in respect to the moral tone of his character. A great sophist, a splendid declaimer, a man of gorgeous imagination, which was constantly stimulated by opium, on all sides in politics because his moral nature had been warped in practising the arts of persuasion, — this is what many honest people thought of Rufus Choate. The impression from his *Life* is of a man radically honest, always kind and genial, of a most subtle and inexhaustible humor, a mind of the rarest combinations, having all the richness and splendor of an Oriental fancy, with remarkable power of logic and analysis, of unfailing good-temper, always magnanimous, with religious convictions that governed his public and private career. And it is delightful to learn that his private life was always pure, and that he did *not* take opium.

The following characteristic anecdote is worth repeating, showing how Mr. Choate kept, not only his own temper, but that of the whole court-room, and affording a just comment upon a style of speaking which sometimes is mistaken for *earnestness*.

“In replying to a lawyer who had been addressing the court in a loud and almost boisterous manner, Mr. Choate referred playfully to his ‘stentorian powers.’ To his surprise, however, the counsel took it in dudgeon, and as soon as possible rose to protest against the hostile assault. He had not been aware of anything in his mode of address which would justify such an epithet; he thought it unusual, and undeserved, &c., &c. Going on thus, his voice unconsciously soon rose again to its highest key, and rung through the court-room as if he were haranguing an army; when Mr. Choate half rose, and, stretching out his hand with a deprecatory gesture, said in the blandest tones: ‘One word, may it please the court, — only one word, if my brother will allow. *I see my mistake.* I beg leave to retract what I said.’ The effect was irresistible. The counsel was silent; the court and spectators convulsed with laughter.”

S.

PHILOSOPHY AND COMMON SENSE.

YOU know the anecdote of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, whose united wits could not get the horse's collar off over his head, when the Scotch girl did it with a single jerk. The Country Parson tells a much better anecdote than that, of Sir Isaac Newton, which, by the way, we never saw anywhere else. The great philosopher had a pet cat and kitten, which he harbored in his study; but becoming tired of opening the door for them to go out and in, he hit upon the following contrivance. "He cut in his door a large hole for the cat to go out in, and a small hole for the kitten. He failed to remember what the stupidest bumpkin would have remembered, that the large hole through which the cat passed might be made use of by the kitten too. Having provided the holes, he waited with pride to see the creatures pass through them for the first time. As they arose from the rug before the fire where they had been lying, the great mind stopped in some sublime calculation; the pen was laid down; and all but the greatest man watched them intently. They approached the door, and discovered the provision made for their comfort. The cat went through the door by the large hole provided for her, and instantly the kitten followed her THROUGH THE SAME HOLE." As ministers are constantly charged with the same want of common sense, it may be consoling to find ourselves in company with the poets and philosophers. It is, however, a positive loss, not only of convenience, but of power and influence, if one fails to be developed on the practical side. Andrews Norton, the scholar and theologian, once drove into a country town with a horse and chaise, hitched him, as girls sometimes do, by tying the end of the reins without pulling them through the saddle-ring. Of course it was not long before the horse was floundering over the broken shafts in inextricable confusion. A rustic came to the relief of the theologian, and his look of conscious superiority was amusing. Its meaning plainly was, "A man had better not undertake to preach and write books to enlighten the world who don't know how to hitch a horse." Sir Isaac's housemaid, as the Country Parson suggests, would have put him right about the cat-holes, and she must have been flattered amazingly on finding that she had more sense about things earthly than the man who discovered the laws that hold the planets in their orbits. s.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Results of Slavery. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH, Translator of Count de Gasparin's Works on America, etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This volume is divided into seven Books, which treat severally upon Slavery in the United States, in the Spanish Colonies, in Portugal, in Brazil, in the Dutch Colonies, upon the Slave-Trade, and the Theory of Slavery in the Light of Christianity. Upon Slavery in the United States, from its first introduction down to our civil war, the treatise is especially full and satisfactory, the statistics abundant, showing the blighting and corrupting influence of the institution. The writer has fallen into some blunders respecting our national affairs; but, on the whole, evinces a knowledge remarkably minute and comprehensive. Much of what he says will be familiar to the intelligent portion of the American public, though we doubt whether the popular mind is possessed of the depths of iniquity which marked Mr. Buchanan's administration, in the plottings for the annexation of Cuba and new robberies from Mexico. As we read this portion of the book, we cannot but admire the signal interposition of Heaven in arresting a career of national crime unparalleled in modern history both for hypocrisy and audacity. Civil war is endurable, when it becomes the appointed means of defeating this gigantic wickedness. The tone of the book is admirable; it is thoroughly Christian, and it will be invaluable at this time to guide and shape the opinions of the civilized world on the great issues which disturb its peace. s.

The Every-day Philosopher in Town and Country. By the Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." — The Country Parson does not exhaust himself with his abundant speaking. This, to our taste, is the best volume he has given us, — always genial, benevolent, suggestive, full of good sense, and a humor which is sure to chase away all despondency, and put one in the kindest mood towards his neighbors. We like exceedingly his chapter on atmospheres, in which he inculcates the Swedenborgian doctrine of "spheres" in the happiest way. "Concerning Beginnings and Ends" is admirable, especially his advice about sermons. Begin one of his essays in a vein as misanthropic as you will, and if you do not end it by finding yourself in the

warm open sunshine, the fault is not in the Parson, but in you, — incurably we fear. s.

On Liberty. By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The American reader will remember the article on American Slavery in the Westminster Review, by John Stuart Mill, it being a review and synopsis of Professor Cairnes's noble work. It was, we believe, the first article in an English Quarterly which did full and hearty justice to the cause of the North in our present struggle; and the book and its reviewer did much to change the tone of English sentiment. No English writer deserves more the hearty love of every loyal American for words fitly spoken, and at the right time. These essays are a clear and philosophical handling of the subject of individual and social rights. There are five chapters: An Introduction; The Liberty of Thought and Discussion; Of Individuality; The Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual; The Applications. It is prefaced by a dedication "To the beloved and deplored memory" of the friend and wife whom he calls the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in his writings. s.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Pekin. By SARAH W. LANDER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Very good reading for the children. It takes them from St. Petersburg, through Siberia, over the Chinese wall, to Pekin, — "the city of nine gates." It tells them various things of the Chinese, with wood-cuts to illustrate customs and manners. We heartily commend it to the boys and girls, in the place of stories which give them nothing to lay up and remember.

The Argument of THOMAS C. AMORY *against the proposed Metropolitan Police Bill before the Joint Special Committee of the Legislature, Monday, March 16, 1863.* Boston: J. E. Farwell & Co., Printers to the City. A pamphlet of 31 pages.

ERRATUM.

In the April number of this Magazine, in the piece entitled, "Good-Friday and Easter, 1863," for

"Our Lord, who deigned to taste to us therein, most *holy* quaffed," read,

"Our Lord, who deigned to taste to us therein, most *deeply* quaffed."